

BILLY BUNNY and UNCLE LUCKY LEFTHINDFOOT



By DAVID CORY

margaret Hawkes



"GET OFF MY BACK!" CRIED TOMMY TURTLE.

Billy Bunny Books

BILLY BUNNY
AND
Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot

BY

DAVID CORY

AUTHOR OF "BILLY BUNNY AND THE FRIENDLY
ELEPHANT," "BILLY BUNNY AND DADDY
FOX," "BILLY BUNNY AND
UNCLE BULL FROG"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUGH SPENCER

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BILLY BUNNY BOOKS

By DAVID CORY

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1. BILLY BUNNY AND THE FRIENDLY
ELEPHANT
2. BILLY BUNNY AND DADDY FOX
3. BILLY BUNNY AND UNCLE BULL FROG
4. BILLY BUNNY AND UNCLE LUCKY
LEFTHINDFOOT

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Billy Bunny and Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot

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BILLY BUNNY AND UNCLE LUCKY LEFTHINDFOOT

STORY I.

BILLY BUNNY AND BARBER SHEEPDOG.

DEAR me!" cried Uncle Lucky, the dear old gentleman rabbit, as he and Billy Bunny rode along, oh, ever so fast in the Luckymobile, "I must get my hair cut. It's so long that it makes a little fringe over my collar!"

So pretty soon he stopped before a barber shop and went in, and so did Billy Bunny, for his hair was too long, too. Why, it was almost as long as the pigtail of his Chinese laundry friend, Tu Long Tu! But the Chinaman wouldn't have his hair cut.

No, sireemam! Not even if you threw a stone through his front window and broke his iron and the little bowl of goldfish on the shelf!

"Shall I shave you first?" asked the barber, who was a kind-looking sheepdog who sheared the sheep every year and of course knew how to cut hair beautifully.

"All right," replied Uncle Lucky, and then he shut his eyes so as not to get any soapsuds

in them. And while the good, kind sheepdog was shaving Uncle Lucky, Billy Bunny had his hair trimmed by the brother of the sheepdog. And the little rabbit had it cut as short as possible so that his school teacher couldn't get hold of it when he missed in spelling.

Well, after a while, the two little rabbits got into the Luckymobile again and rode away, and when it was lunch time, wasn't it lucky, they were right in front of a hotel. So they went inside, and the bellboys, who were little white pigeons, hung up Uncle Lucky's old wedding stovepipe hat and Billy Bunny's knapsack and striped candy cane, and then they showed the two rabbits the dining-room.

And the bill of fare was all written in poetry. Wasn't that funny. Yes, sir! The different dishes were hung up in little black frames. Oh, dear me! I don't mean that. The NAMES of the different dishes were all in rhyme and framed on the wall. Now you understand.

*

Ham and Eggs

*

Stewed Turkey Legs

*

Curried Lamb and Rice

*

Raspberry Ice

*

*

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*

*

Oyster Fry Hot Mince Pie

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All Other Things The Waiter Brings

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"Let's inquire," which means to find out, you know, "what 'all other things' are," said the old gentleman rabbit. And when the waiter said it meant lettuce salad and lollypops and carrot bread and pumpkin cake, Uncle Lucky told him to bring them all right away, for he and his small nephew were as hungry as three bears and a half, and maybe more.

Very soon Uncle Lucky unbuttoned his waistcoat and Billy Bunny began to breathe hard for they both had eaten every single thing which the kind waiter had put on the table, and after that they paid the check and went out to the desk and told the proprietor, who was a big fat gander, that he had a nice hotel.

And then Uncle Lucky bought a cigar and gave all the little white pigeons each a carrot cent and after that he and Billy Bunny drove away in the Luckymobile, and if they don't stop they'll ride right into to-morrow's story.

STORY II.

BILLY BUNNY AND JACK FROST.

YOU remember in the last story that Billy Bunny and his kind Uncle Lucky had just driven away from the hotel where they had eaten lunch and had fed the Lucky-mobile with oats and hay and a cold drink of gasoline.

"Goodness gracious meebus!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, turning up his fur coat collar and pulling down his old wedding stove-pipe hat.

"It's cold as winter," and just then they came across Jack Frost. He was standing on a ladder painting the leaves yellow and red and brown, and every once in a while he would whistle, and sometimes he'd sing:

"Hip, hurray, for it's cool to-day,
And my colors all are bright and gay.
I'll turn the grapes a purple hue,
And I'll break the chestnut burrs in two,
And the crackling stalks of the yellow corn
I'll cover with frost in the early morn."

"Don't you come around to my house and paint any frosty pictures on the windows till I get the furnace going," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I don't want to get the rheumatism."

"All right, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot," said Jack Frost, "but we're going to have an early winter, so you had better tell your furnace man to get the stovepipes out and the stoves cleaned."

And then Uncle Lucky drove away before Jack Frost could tell him anything more, for the old gentleman rabbit didn't like to have people tell him what to do, for he had gotten along very well all these years, although he was a bachelor.

Well, after they had gone for a mile or three, they came to a funny looking thing lying on the grass, for they were still driving through the fields, you know. "What's that?" asked Uncle Lucky, and he jumped out of the Luckymobile and went over to look at it.

And just then Robbie Redbreast flew by and said, "Don't touch it! Don't touch it!" But, oh, dear me! Poor Uncle Lucky didn't hear him in time and the first thing he knew the queer looking iron thing snapped and caught him by the left hind leg.

"Goodness gracious meebus! Now I'm a goner!" cried the old gentleman rabbit, and he sat down the best he could, for the trap pinched

his left leg dreadfully and it was hard to bend his knee. And then he took off his wedding stovepipe hat and scratched his left ear.

"Uncle Lucky! Uncle Lucky!" cried the little rabbit, and would you believe it, he seemed to feel worse than the old gentleman rabbit. But, of course, he didn't, for it wasn't his leg that was being pinched, you know.

And in the next story you shall hear how the little rabbit saved his dear kind uncle from the cruel trap—that is, if the crafty Daddy Fox doesn't happen to pass before then.

STORY III.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE WEATHERCOCK'S SONG.

DADDY FOX didn't come and catch poor Uncle Lucky, who was caught in the cruel iron trap, as I told you in the last story. But little Billy Bunny couldn't open it, and oh dear me, how it did hurt the old gentleman rabbit, but he never said a word.

Only every now and then he'd take out his blue polka-dot silk handkerchief and wipe the dust out of his eyes, and then pull and pull on his left hind leg, but it wouldn't come out.

No, sireemam. It was caught fast. And after a while both little rabbits gave up and just looked at each other, for they couldn't think of another thing to do.

Well, after maybe an hour, less or more, who should come by but Mrs. Cow, and when she saw what was the matter, she put one of her strong horns between the iron springs and pushed and pushed and, all of a sudden, just like that, the dreadful trap snapped open and Uncle Lucky pulled his leg out.

And then the trap snapped back again and

caught Mrs. Cow's horn. But she didn't care for a horn doesn't hurt like a leg, you know. And then what do you think she did? Why, she lifted her head and banged that old trap against a tree so hard that it broke all to smithereens.

"I'm sure I don't know how to thank you," said dear Uncle Lucky as he rubbed his leg to make it feel better, for it was numb and weak and he couldn't stand on it at all, you know.

"Don't bother to thank me," replied Mrs. Cow. "Take me home, for I've never ridden in a Luckymobile." So Billy Bunny helped her in, and Uncle Lucky, too, for the old gentleman rabbit could hardly walk, and after that the little bunny jumped in and drove the Luckymobile across the Pleasant Meadow until they came to the Old Farm Yard, where Mrs. Cow got out.

And as soon as the Weathercock on the Red Barn saw them he began to sing:

"The milk pail's in the dairy,
And I'm glad you have got home.
I wonder how, dear Mrs. Cow,
That you should care to roam.
You might have been too late to-night
To fill the milk pail, clean and bright.
'And then what would the children do?
But Mrs. Cow just answered 'Moo!' "

"You had better go and see Dr. Duck," she said, as she jumped out of the Luckymobile. "Your leg looks pretty badly." So Billy Bunny took his dear Uncle Lucky right away to the doctor, and when they got there Dr. Quack, for that was the duck doctor's name, shook his head and said:

"Very bad. Very bad, indeed," and then he put some lettuce salve on Uncle Lucky's left hind leg and bound it up with soft linen bandages, and after that the old gentleman rabbit felt ever so much better, and he gave Dr. Quack a million carrot cents and the duck doctor said the old gentleman bunny was the best behaved patient he had ever had, which was saying a good deal, I'm sure, for he was a very famous doctor, was that old duck, and had cured lots of chickens of the pip and little rabbits of carrot fever.

And in the next story you shall hear what Robbie Redbreast told me this morning; that is, if I don't forget what he said and dream about something else to-night.

STORY IV.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE FOOTBALL TEAMS.

This morning, oh so early,
I heard a robin call,
Just as the sun was climbing up
Above the eastern wall.
He hopped upon my windowsill
And sang his morning lay,
And after that he said good-by,
And swiftly flew away.

I WISH I could remember the way he told me the news about Billy Bunny, It was all in rhyme, you know, but I was so dreadfully sleepy that my alarm clock was ashamed to wake me up, so maybe I half dreamed that the little robin told me. But, anyway, I'll tell you what I remember, and this is the way it goes:

Billy Bunny was captain of the Friendly Forest Football Team. Yes, sir. That's what Robbie Redbreast said, and he ought to know, for he saw the first game between the Lettuceville Bunnies and the Nut Town Squirrels.

You see, Squirrel Nutcracker's son, Shadow

Tail, was the Captain of the Squirrel Football Team, and Billy Bunny was the Captain of the Lettuceville Bunnies, and they had chosen the Pleasant Meadow for the game, and, of course, all the Little Forest Folk were there and the Little People of the Meadow. Some of them sat on the Old Snake Fence and some sat on the ground, and a few, like Robbie Redbreast and Prof. Crow, perched themselves in the trees nearby.

And, oh me, oh my! Wasn't the game exciting! Well, I just guess it was. And if Billy Bunny hadn't gotten the ball just in time before the game ended the Squirrels would have won! And the way the little rabbit got hold of the ball was this.

Chatterbox, the red squirrel, muffed the ball and Billy Bunny grabbed it just in time and started off for the squirrels' goal. Faster and faster he hopped, dodging this squirrel and then that one, hopping over that one and running around this one, until all of a sudden he hopped between the goal posts and made a touchdown.

And then everybody cheered and cheered. Even Old Mother Magpie clapped her hands and Uncle Bullfrog croaked so hard that the tears came to his eyes. As for Uncle Lucky, he honked on the Luckymobile horn until it burst

and he had to buy a new one the next day or be arrested by the policeman dog for breaking the rules.

Well, sir, it certainly was a fine game, and when it was all over Prof. Crow pinned a little American flag on Billy Bunny's coat and said he was the best football player in Lettuceville or anywhere else, and this made Mrs. Bunny so proud that she invited the whole team home for supper and they had lettuce cake and carrot marmalade and lollypops with creamy tops and pumpkin cake and chocolate shake and everything that you can think, and candies, too, blue, green and pink.

And if that isn't enough for a lot of Bunny boys, please write and tell her what more she can give them next time, for I can't think of another thing. And in the next story if Billy Bunny doesn't get a stomachache and have to send for Dr. Quack, the wise old duck doctor, I'll tell you another adventure which the little rabbit had when he went out to seek his fortune.

STORY V.

BILLY BUNNY AND BLACKIE CROW.

NOW, let me see. What shall I tell you to-night? Oh, I know. How the Big Weeping Willow Tree saved the little rabbit from Daddy Fox. And this is how it happened:

Well, one morning as Billy Bunny was hopping along by the Old Mill Pond looking for Uncle Bullfrog, he saw that dreadful fox coming toward him. And, goodness me! there was no place to hide in, no nice hollow stumps nor friendly caves or anything like that.

So the little rabbit didn't know what to do. And he looked up at the Big Weeping Willow Tree and said:

"Oh, dear me! I'm a goner now, I know it."

"Stay right where you are, little bunny, and I'll hide you." And then that kind tree folded her long, drooping branches all around the little rabbit so that Daddy Fox couldn't even see him. Wasn't that wonderful? Well, I guess it was. It was about the nicest thing that could have happened just then.

"Where has that little Billy Bunny gone?" asked old Daddy Fox, but the Kind Willow Tree didn't answer. She only sighed and rustled her leaves as much as to say, "I'm sorry for you, Mr. Fox!"

But of course she didn't say any such thing. It was only the wind in the tree tops. And after that the crafty old fox went away, and the willow tree lifted up her branches and Billy Bunny hopped away, only of course he thanked her first for he was very grateful to her for saving him from old Daddy Fox.

Well, after that he came across his friend, Blackie Crow. And the first thing this small crow did was to sing a song:

"The yellow pumpkins smile along
The Old Snake Fence to-day,
And many a bird, so I have heard,
Is on his Southward way.
But I don't care if woods are bare,
And snow will soon be coming,
I'll stay awhile and caw and smile
Where woodpeckers are drumming."

And sure enough, in the Friendly Forest, not very far away, Billy Bunny heard the wood-

peckers drumming on the hollow tree trunks like soldier boys in a regimental band.

So the little rabbit got his popgun out of his knapsack and marched along, one, two, left, right, left, right, and pretty soon, not so very far, he saw Timmy Chipmunk gathering up nuts for the long winter time.

"How many bushels have you stored away?" asked Billy Bunny, and he wiggled his little pink nose so fast that Timmy Chipmunk shut his eyes.

"Please keep your nose still," he said. "I can't think!" And then the little rabbit wiggled his left ear two million and a half times, but Timmy Chipmunk didn't see it, for he still had his eyes tightly closed.

And in the next story if he opens them in time I'll tell you what he saw—and maybe what he said.

STORY VI.

BILLY BUNNY AND ROBBIE REDBREAST.

LET us put our heads together and think where we left off in last night's story, for I'll tell you a little secret. Just as I put the cover over my typewriter Robbie Redbreast flew into my window and said Jack Frost had told him there would be a lovely picture on my windowpane this morning.

And this made me forget what I promised to tell you to-day, for to have a lovely picture painted on your windowpane would surprise anybody, wouldn't it? And I lay awake half the night to see Jack Frost, but he never came.

And this morning Mr. Happy Sun looked into my window before my alarm clock told me to get up, and said that he had frightened Jack Frost by saying he would melt him all up if he started to paint any pictures just yet, for the grapes weren't ready to be frosted and the yellow pumpkins were still in the fields, and the farmers wanted to get them in their barns before it grew too cold.

Well, just as I was getting out of bed the tele-

phone bell rang and Uncle Lucky said he was coming over to see his little nephew, so I looked out of the window and pretty soon along came Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot in his Luckymobile, and when he reached the Old Brier Patch he honked his horn two times and a quarter, and this woke up Billy Bunny in time for breakfast.

And as his old rabbit uncle felt hungry after his long ride he went in and ate so many carrot griddle cakes that he had to take two soda mints and three more to keep away the indigestion, and maybe the measles, for all you know and for all I know, and for all Dr. Quack, the wise Duck Doctor, knows, too, maybe and perhaps and most likely.

"No, Mrs. Bunny," said the old gentleman rabbit after half an hour, "I'm going to take Billy Bunny for a ride—that is, if you can spare him for the day."

And Mrs. Bunny said she could, for Uncle Lucky was very rich, you know, and was going to leave all his money to his little nephew. So Mrs. Bunny was only too willing to please the old gentleman rabbit.

After Billy Bunny had polished the front door knob and swept the leaves off the front walk and fed the canary he jumped into the

Luckymobile and went for a spin with Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot. And after they had gone for a mile or less they heard a Bumble Bee singing:

“The trees are brown, the nuts are down
Upon the forest floor;
So don't delay another day,
But put them in the store——”

And the Bumble Bee would have said “store-room” I guess, only a big nut fell down and hit him right on the head. And then Timmy Chipmunk peeped out and said:

“Who threw that nut?”

And this made Uncle Lucky laugh so hard that his old wedding stovepipe hat fell off and he had to stop the Luckymobile and get out and pick it up.

And in the next story you shall hear who threw that nut; that is, if it wasn't a monkey wrench that unscrewed it from the top of the tree.

STORY VII.

BILLY BUNNY AND TIMMY CHIPMUNK.

Willie Wind is in the wood
Shaking all the trees.
See the nuts come rattling down
In their shells of yellow brown,
Oh, dear me! I wish I could
Gather nuts among the leaves.
There is nothing so much fun
As gathering chestnuts by the ton.

AND then Chatterbox, the Red Squirrel, jumped up and down in the old chestnut tree and threw a nut right at Timmy Chipmunk. And now you know who threw that nut I told you about in the last story. It was Chatterbox, as sure as you're a foot high.

And then Uncle Lucky laughed some more, but first he tied his blue polka-dot silk handkerchief over his old wedding stovepipe hat, for you remember it fell off his head in the story before this.

"Don't you throw any more nuts at me," said Timmy Chipmunk to Chatterbox. "I'm too

busy storing them away for the winter," and then the little chipmunk stuffed his cheeks full of nuts till he looked like a little boy I once knew who had the mumps.

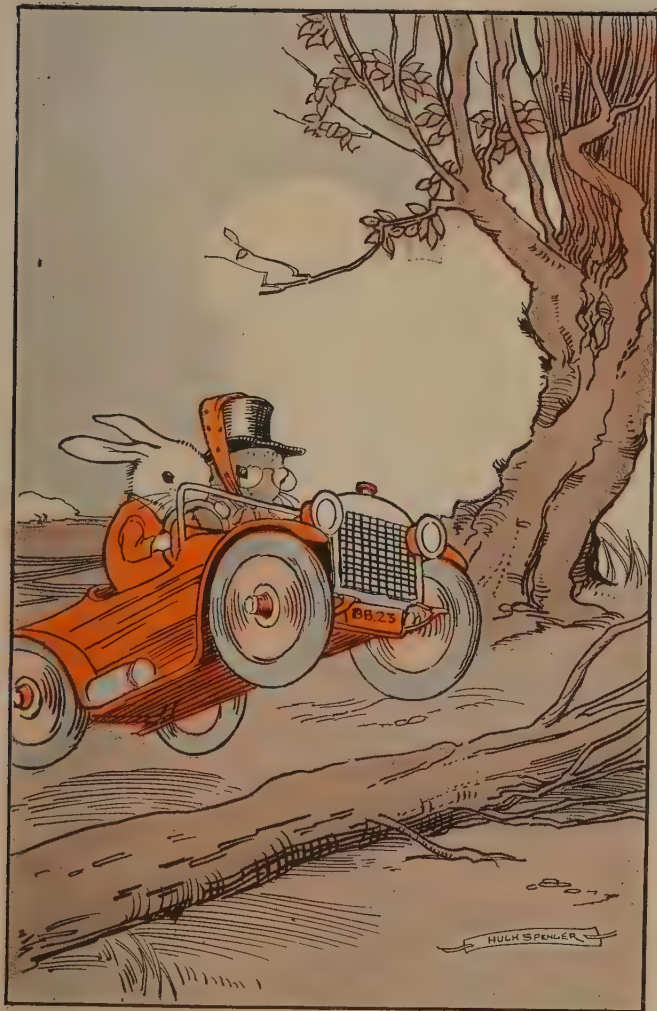
And if Billy Bunny hadn't driven away with the Luckymobile I believe dear, kind Uncle Lucky would have laughed himself to death, or maybe split a button off his white waistcoat, which would have been dreadful for he was very fond of his white waistcoat, let me tell you.

Well, after a mile or three the two little rabbits came to a tree that had fallen across the road, so Billy Bunny had to stop the Luckymobile.

"Now what are we going to do?" said dear Uncle Lucky. And if his little nephew hadn't been there he might have said something else, but he didn't.

"Let's make the Luckymobile jump over," said the little rabbit. And, would you believe it if my chauffeur told you, that Luckymobile jumped right over that great big fallen tree as easily as the little girl next door skips a rope!

"Goodness gracious mebus!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, letting go of his old wedding stovepipe hat, for he had forgotten that he had tied his blue silk polka-dot handkerchief



THE LUCKYMOBILE JUMPED RIGHT OVER THE BIG FALLEN
TREE.

Billy Bunny and Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot

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over it, you know. Don't you ever do that again. You frightened me nearly to death."

And he gave a great big sigh and took his gold watch out of his pocket and wound it to see if the mainspring had been broken. But it hadn't. Wasn't that lucky?

And after that they rode along as nicely as you please until they came to a very muddy road. Then the Luckymobile stopped and wouldn't go a wheel farther.

"Now what are you going to do?" asked the old gentleman rabbit. "Don't you make the Luckymobile jump!"

And he took off the horn so that the Luckymobile wouldn't go even if the little rabbit wanted it to. Just then along came Mrs. Cow, and when she saw what was the matter she took down the fence rails close by and pushed the Luckymobile into the Pleasant Meadow, where it wasn't muddy at all, and after that she got into the back seat and Uncle Lucky drove off.

And the reason he didn't let Billy Bunny steer was because he wanted to show Mrs. Cow how well he could run his own car.

STORY VIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND MRS. COW.

PLEASE don't go so fast," said Mrs. Cow, who you remember was riding on the back seat of Uncle Lucky's automobile in the last story. So the kind, old gentleman rabbit went slower, for he knew Mrs. Cow was nervous like lots of ladies are when they ride for the last time in an automobile.

Maybe I should have said the "first" time, but they don't think so when the automobile is going a million and a half miles an hour, and Uncle Lucky was so proud of his Luckymobile, you know, that he was making it go just as fast as he could.

Well, pretty soon, not so very long, they came to the Old Farm, where Mrs. Cow got out, and after she had fixed her bonnet on straight, for it was all crooked, you know, she thanked Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot for the lovely ride he had given her!

"Oh, don't mention it," said the kind-hearted old gentleman rabbit. "I'm sorry I went so fast,

but I wanted to show you that the Luckymobile is the fastest car on earth."

And he took off his old silk wedding stove-pipe hat. I mean, he tried to take it off, but he couldn't, for it was tied on, you remember, with his blue silk polka-dot handkerchief.

And then, after that, Billy Bunny steered, for Uncle Lucky wanted to wipe his eyes with the handkerchief, and, of course, he had to untie it first, you know.

"Now where are we going?" inquired the old gentleman rabbit, cramming his handkerchief into his pocket and pushing his hat down tight over his left ear.

"Let's make a call on the photographer. Maybe he'll be so pleased he'll take our pictures," said Billy Bunny.

Well, after quite a way, but not so very long, they came to the photo gallery kept by the big long-legged crane, and he was the best photographer in all Rabbitville, for his legs were so long that he could look through the camera without standing on a stool.

"I'm delighted to see you," said the crane, "but I can't take your pictures for nothing, for nowadays everything costs so much more."

"Oh, that's all right," said Uncle Lucky with a laugh, and he took out a million carrot cents

and asked if that was enough for three dozen and a half pictures of Billy Bunny and himself.

"I guess so," said the photographer crane, and he brought out his camera and placed the black cloth over his head. Then he winked through the camera at Uncle Lucky and this made the old gentleman rabbit smile and that made the crane angry, and he said: "Don't smile; don't move; don't speak," and a lot more of other don'ts, until Uncle Lucky stopped smiling. And then he looked so cross that the crane said: "Look pleasant, if you please. Smile a little."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, "you're the hardest photographer to please I ever saw," and he started up the Lucky-mobile and drove away, and for all I know that fault-finding old crane is still looking through the camera trying to find Uncle Lucky and his little rabbit nephew.

STORY IX.

BILLY BUNNY AND MR. SHARPTOOTH RAT.

The Autumn breeze is blowing
Across the purple hills.
The asters and the goldenrod
Are glowing o'er the withered sod,
And through the woods the silver rills
Are rippling while the songbird trills.

AND all this made Billy Bunny feel so happy that he took one long hop after another until he came to the Old Farm where Henny Jenny was telling everybody she had just laid a beautiful snow-white egg.

Goodness me! Cocky Docky was so happy that he began to crow, and the Weathercock got so excited that he pointed the wrong way and the farmer came out and said, "Sakes alive! Is it going to rain?" For the Weathercock was pointing east, and that's where the rain comes from, you know.

And then Mr. Happy Sun told the Weathercock that if he didn't look out and not make another mistake like that he'd lose his job as

weather prophet. For Mr. Happy Sun wasn't going to have everybody think it was going to rain when he was shining in the sky and the wind was from the west, where the pink clouds come from and the rainbows are made, and where Mr. Happy Sun goes to bed among his crimson pillows.

Well, it was a good thing the farmer didn't see little Billy Bunny, for he might have set old Sic'em, the watchdog, who was tied by a chain to his little house, after the little rabbit.

But Billy Bunny was too wise to show himself to everybody, and when the farmer came out of the back door Master William Bunny, of Brier Patch, Old Snake Fence Corner, hopped into the big red barn and hid under a pile of hay.

And while he was there he heard Mr. Sharptooth Rat gnawing away at the oat bin where the farmer kept the oats for his old white horse, Nageetty.

"Now that's too bad," thought the little rabbit. "Good Old Nageetty won't have any oats to eat if that thieving old rat gets into the oat bin."

And then Billy Bunny hopped into the Hen House and told Ducky Doodles all about it, and that kind little ducky told Sic'em the watchdog, and he barked and barked until the farmer un-

tied him, when the old dog ran into the barn and scared away Mr. Longtooth Rat.

And after that Billy Bunny hopped away to the Friendly Forest and there he saw his old friend the Big Brown Bear standing outside his cave smoking a great long cigar. And when he saw the little rabbit he went inside and brought out a big chocolate cigar and he and Billy Bunny sat down on the long wooden bench and smoked away until the cigars were all gone.

And after that Billy Bunny hopped home just as his mother was going to ring the supper bell.

STORY X.

BILLY BUNNY AND OLD MOTHER MISCHIEF.

Over the hills and far away
The little breezes love to play.
They whisk the leaves from off the trees
And scatter them down the dell.
They shake the apples from the bough
And shoo the flies off the old brown cow
And tinkle her little brass bell.

AND I neglected to say, because I couldn't think of another line of poetry, that these same little breezes ruffled the white fur on Billy Bunny's back until he had to take a little brush out of his knapsack and part his hair down the middle.

And after he had done this, he heard some one say:

"Now you look like a nice, neat bunny boy," and there stood Old Mother Magpie. And if there was any one in the Friendly Forest that the little rabbit hated it was Old Mother Mischief, as everybody called her, for she was always making trouble, and lots of it.

But the little rabbit didn't say anything. He just bowed very politely and put the brush back into his knapsack.

And then Old Mother Magpie spoke again, and this time she looked at Billy Bunny with a very disagreeable expression in her little black eyes and what she said was this:

"Where did you get that little brush, Master Billy Bunny?" Just as if he had stolen it, you know, and this made him very angry, for what right had this meddlesome magpie to ask him a question like that, I should like to know, and so would you, and so would the President of the United States if he didn't know it already.

"I bought it at the Three and one cent store," replied the little rabbit, and then he hopped away as fast as he could, for he knew she would ask him where he got the one cent, and he couldn't remember whether he had paid one cent or three cents for the little brush, you see.

But would you believe it? That disagreeable old Magpie flew after the little rabbit and perched herself on his knapsack and whispered in his ear till it tickled dreadfully:

"Where did you get the money to buy the brush with?"

"Oh, please let me alone," said Billy Bunny, and he tried to open his knapsack, but the in-

quisitive old Magpie wouldn't get off. So the little rabbit dropped it on the ground and then she slipped off and before she could get on again, he opened it and took out his popgun.

"Now if you don't leave me alone," he said. "I'll shoot the big pink rose off your bonnet," and this frightened the Magpie so that she flew away, for she thought a lot of that bonnet of hers, and a lot more of the big pink rose.

And when she was gone, Billy Bunny said: "Hip hurray, she's gone away. I'll hope she'll stay for many a day!" And then he threw up a copper cent to see which way he should go, and in the next story I'll tell you whether "Tails" meant the left road or "Heads" meant the right road.

STORY XI.

BILLY BUNNY AND OLD MAN WEASEL.

LET me see where I left off in the last story. Oh, I remember now. Billy Bunny had just said good-by to Old Mother Magpie. After that, the little rabbit hopped along until he came to an old sawmill.

And oh, dear me! The sound of the big saw, as it cut through the logs, was dreadful. And it frightened the little rabbit so that he turned around and hopped away so fast that he ran right into a pair of oxen hauling a great log to the mill.

And if he had knocked over one of those oxen, I guess the man who was driving them would have said something much worse than "Gee!"

"I must see where I'm going," thought the little rabbit, and he looked all about him, and just then he saw something dreadful. Yes, sir! There was Old Man Weasel looking out at him from behind a bush.

"Now I've got you!" and he jumped out and caught Billy Bunny by the ear and dragged him away toward his house, where Mrs. Weasel

stood at the front door with a big knife in her hand.

"Won't we have nice rabbit stew!" she cried, and then she sharpened the knife on the stone step, and grinned. And just then up ran the policeman dog and he was so mad that he grabbed hold of the front door knob and pulled it out, and after that he threw it at Old Man Weasel and hit him on the head.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I've got an awful headache," and the Old Man Weasel put both his front paws over his head, and, of course, when he did that he let go of the little rabbit's ear, and as soon as that happened, away went the little rabbit, lippity lip, hoppity hop, and pretty soon he was so far away that he couldn't have found his way back if he had wanted to.

"Goodness gracious mebus, as my dear uncle would say," cried Billy Bunny, and he sat down and took a cabbage sandwich out of his knapsack. "I'll eat this while I have time, for there's no telling what may happen next, and maybe if it does I'll never get another chance," and in less than five hundred short seconds there wasn't any cabbage sandwich left, not even a crumb.

Well, maybe there was a crumb, for when the little rabbit hopped away a little black ant

crawled up to the place and took something away to her hole in the ground.

"And now where shall I go?" the little rabbit asked himself, but why he did I'm sure I don't know, for if he didn't know, how could he answer himself?

Well, just then, all of a sudden, who should come by but dear Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot in his Luckymobile, and as soon as he saw his little nephew Bunny he asked him to go for a ride.

So in hopped Billy Bunny, and then he honked the horn three times and a half and away they went to see the world series between the Bunnytown Rabbits and the Rabbitville Bunnies, and in the next story I'll tell you the name of the umpire and who won the game and why there wasn't enough peanuts to go around—that is, if they send me a ticket in time to see the game.

STORY XII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE RABBITVILLE BASEBALL CLUB.

WELL, I received a ticket to the Rabbitville baseball world series game just in time for me to call up a taxi and get there.

And wasn't it lucky? Just as I reached the big gate Uncle Lucky and Billy Bunny drove up in their Luckymobile and invited me to sit in a box with them, for Uncle Lucky was president of the baseball club, you know, and received a million carrots a year, which is more than many a professional baseball player gets, so I'm told.

After a little while, not so very long, the game started, and the first bunny that hit the ball made a home run, and the next bunny two home runs, and then the umpire couldn't find the ball and had to stop the game till they found it.

So after that nobody hit the ball very hard, you know, for they wanted to play, and all the

people who went to see the game didn't want to be given rain checks and sent home.

And after the game was over the Rabbitville baseball bunnies gave three cheers and thirteen tigers and a lot of animal crackers, for they had won the game you see, and this made Billy Bunny very proud, and Uncle Lucky, too, for the old gentleman rabbit owned the Rabbitville baseball club, and the oftener they won the more money Uncle Lucky made, of course.

"Now I think we'd better drive home," he said, so he and his bunny nephew got into the Luckymobile, and oh, dear me! they almost ran over one of the baseball players. Wasn't that dreadful? But not as dreadful as if they had, you know.

"Goodness gracious mebus!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, and he took his blue silk polka-dot handkerchief out of his pocket and dusted off his old wedding stovepipe hat, for he was dreadfully upset over it, you know.

And then he turned his goggles upside down so that he could see better and started off again, and after a little ways, not so very far, they heard a little bird singing:

"Oh, won't you take me for a speel
In your jolly Luckymobile?"

Down the road we'll quickly fly,
Billy Bunny and Uncle and I.
Take me riding, won't you please?
I will promise not to sneeze."

"All right," said kind Uncle Lucky, "I'll take you if you'll keep your promise. But, who are you?" and the old gentleman rabbit looked around, but he couldn't see anybody and neither could Billy Bunny and neither could you or I, if we had been there.

"Well, I won't keep you waiting," said the voice, and then from out of a tree flew the Jay Bird. The same old Jay Bird who had once sold his airship to the little rabbit, you remember.

And in the next story I'll tell you how the Jay Bird gave a cough and almost sneezed his head right off.

STORY XIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND MRS. WOODCHUCK.

AS soon as the Jay Bird got into the Lucky-mobile he began to sneeze, although I told you in the last story he'd promised not to.

And oh, dear me! he sneezed so hard that off went dear, kind Uncle Lucky's old wedding stovepipe hat, and then of course the old gentleman rabbit had to get out and look for it, for it had rolled into a hole where a big woodchuck lived.

And as soon as he saw that silk hat he put it on and looked at himself in Mrs. Woodchuck's mirror, and when Uncle Lucky saw him he pulled the hat off his head and said:

"How dare you wear my wedding hat,
You should be put in jail for that,
So hand it back to me, I say,
Or you the damages shall pay."

'And this so frightened the woodchuck that he asked his wife to hand the hat to Uncle Lucky and to beg him not to talk that way.

"Then don't forget the next time to be careful what you do with other people's things," said the old gentleman rabbit sternly, and he marched out of the woodchuck's house with his head up in the air like a general in the United States army.

And he would have said three cheers for the Red, White and Blue if the woodchuck hadn't had two boys in the army which made Uncle Lucky respect him in spite of what he had just done.

"And now that I've gotten back my old wedding stovepipe hat," said Uncle Lucky, "I'll have to ask you, Mr. Jay Bird, to ride backward, so that if you sneeze again my hat won't come off." So the Jay Bird turned around and looked over the back of the Luckymobile until his eyes got so full of dust that he couldn't breathe.

"Please let me out," he groaned, for his throat was full of little pieces of sand and he could hardly make any noise.

So Uncle Lucky put on the brakes and the Luckymobile stopped, and the Jay Bird hopped out and flew away to the woods where he ate two hundred and forty-nine bunches of wild grapes to make his throat feel better.

"Let's make a call on somebody," said Billy Bunny, all of a sudden, for his knapsack didn't

have any apple pie in it, not even half a lolly-pop or a quarter of a peanut.

"Well," said Uncle Lucky, and he scratched his left ear with his right hindfoot, "who shall we call on?"

And just then they came to Squirrel Nutcracker's house up in the big chestnut tree.

"Let's call on Old Squire Nutcracker. Mrs. Nutcracker always has tea and cake at 5 o'clock and it's just 5 now," and the little bunny put his watch back into his waistcoat pocket and wound the automobile horn. And then Old Squire Nutcracker poked his head out of a window and said, "I know it's you, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot, for there's no other horn like yours in the Friendly Forest."

And then the little rabbits hopped through a hole in the trunk of the tree and up a flight of stairs till they came to where Old Squirrel Nutcracker stood. And next time you shall hear what kind of cake Mrs. Nutcracker gave to Billy Bunny.

STORY XIV.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE STRIPED CANDY CANE.

YOU shall have a piece of chocolate cake," said Mrs. Squirrel Nut-cracker to Billy Bunny, and now you know what kind of cake she gave him, as I promised to tell you in the last story.

And after a little while Squire Nutcracker went over to the Victrola and said, "Now just listen to this new record. It's a dandy!"

"I'd love to be a drummer boy
And drum for Uncle Sam.
Hurrah! Hurray! Keep step, I say.
I'm a drummer boy, I am.
Come, get some pep in your lagging step.
It's 'Hip, hip-hip, hurray!'
I'm off to war and a foreign shore,
And the transport sails to-day!
So good-by, all! Don't you hear them call?

"Come on, there, U. S. A.!
For it's day and night we'll have to fight
And little time to play!

So drop a tear for all that's dear
And the girl you leave behind you.
And carry your gun till the war is done
And home again shall find you."

And when the music stopped dear, kind Uncle Lucky's eyes were full of tears, for he remembered years ago he had gone to the war as a little drummer boy and had come home after the war was over to find that his dear mother had been caught in a trap by a cruel hunter, and so he never saw her any more.

"I wish I were old enough to go," cried Billy Bunny, and he marched around the room with his striped candy cane held over his shoulder like a gun. This made Old Squire Nutcracker laugh, and then he put his hand into his pocket and gave the little bunny a nice bright new nut. Wasn't that generous of him, for there had been only two billion nine hundred and a few more nuts on the old chestnut tree that year!

"Now we must be going," said kind Uncle Lucky, and he shook hands with Mrs. Squirrel and the Old Squire. And as soon as he and Billy Bunny were in the Luckymobile the old gentleman rabbit said: "I've going to stop at the Three-and-one-cent store and get 'The Drummer Boy' record."

So they went in and, would you believe it, for it sounded almost too good to be true, they were playing that very same song.

"I'll take two records," said the old gentleman rabbit, "so if one gets broken, I'll have one, anyway."

And then he got into the Luckymobile as fast as he could and made that automobile go as fast as it could, because he wanted to get home and put the new record in his Victrola.

STORY XV.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE YELLOW DOG TRAMP.

Down in the cabbage field
Hear that joyful sound,
All the little bunny boys
Are hopping round and round.

AND I'll tell you why, because you would never guess right, I'm sure, not if I let you guess until Uncle Lucky stopped winding up the Victrola.

There, I've gone and almost told you. It was because Uncle Lucky was playing that new song which he loved so much, "The Drummer Boy," which I told you about in the story before this.

Well, by and by the Victrola got tired and would not play any more, so Uncle Lucky went up to his room to put on his smoking jacket and slippers, and Billy Bunny went up to his room to wash his face and part his hair in the middle, and while they were up there who should knock on the front door but a yellow dog tramp.

But Uncle Lucky's Jap servant wouldn't let

him come in. No, siree, he wasn't going to have a tramp come into Uncle Lucky's nice front parlor, so he shut the door with a bang. But the yellow dog tramp ran around to the kitchen door and knocked again.

And when the Jap opened the door and saw it was the same old yellow dog tramp, he got dreadfully mad—not the dog, you know, but the Jap, and it was mighty lucky it wasn't the dog, for a mad dog is a terrible thing to have around the house.

"Go away and don't come back," said the Jap, and he made a horrible face at the yellow dog tramp, but it didn't scare him a bit, for he began to sing:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, I've been tramping all
the day,
And I'm very, very tired and my coat with dust
is gray,
And I'm thirsty and I'm hungry, and a little
lonesome, too,
And though I am a yellow dog I'm feeling awful
blue."

And when dear, kind Uncle Lucky heard that song, he poked his head out of his bedroom window and called down:

"I don't care if you're yellow,
But I hate to have you blue.
How can you smile when mile on mile
You've tramped the whole day through?

I'll tell my trusty Japanee,
To make for you a cup of tea,
And give to you a bone or two,
And then you won't feel quite so blue."

And then that yellow tramp dog barked with joy and this made the Jap smile and he took out of the icebox a whole leg of roast lamb and gave it to that poor, hungry, tired yellow dog tramp. Wasn't he generous with dear, kind Uncle Lucky's food?

Well, I just guess he was, and I guess the butcher was glad he was, too, and so am I and so are you and so was the poor tramp dog so blue. Well, well, well! If my typewritten hasn't written another poem without my knowing it!

And in the next story if my baker doesn't have a bun dance in his show window all night, I won't eat one of his tootsie rolls in the morning.

STORY XVI.

BILLY BUNNY AND HAPPY SUN.

Good morning, Mr. Happy Sun,
Where have you been all night?
Where do you go I'd like to know,
To hide your golden light?

WELL, it used to puzzle me when I was a little boy, too, so we needn't think it strange that Billy Bunny wondered where Mr. Happy Sun kept himself all through the night.

But Mr. Happy Sun didn't say a word; he kept on smiling just the same, and soon all the flowers woke up and the birds began to sing and the little brooks to run more swiftly toward the big blue ocean.

And young Cocky Docky at the Old Farm smiled to himself and strutted about the barnyard, for he thought that he had waked up Mr. Happy Sun by crowing, oh, so early in the morning when it was still and dark and cool and Willie Wind was hardly stirring on the

Pleasant Meadow or in the Friendly Forest, and maybe not at all.

And then Mrs. Bunny rang the rising bell and after a little while longer she rang the breakfast bell, so the little rabbit got up, and after he had combed his hair down the middle of his back and washed his face and paws and curled his whiskers and polished his boots, and, oh, dear me! what else did he wear?

Oh, yes, after he had dusted his knapsack and wiped his candy cane, he hopped down to breakfast, and after that he started off for the Old Mill Pond.

You see, he wanted to say good-by to Uncle Bullfrog, for the day before Robbie Redbreast had told him that the old gentleman frog was going to his winter home in the soft warm mud at the bottom of the pond, and the little rabbit wanted to see Uncle Bullfrog before he took the trip, although of course, it wasn't a very long journey for the Old Mill Pond wasn't very deep.

Well, as the little rabbit hopped along across the Pleasant Meadow he heard Professor Crow calling his scholars to school:

“Caw, caw, come to school,
If you don't you'll be a fool.

Learn to read and learn to spell,
And learn your alphabet as well."

"Oh, dear me," sighed the little rabbit, "I'm afraid I won't have time to say good-by to Uncle Bullfrog. I shall be late to school, I know I shall, and then I'll be kept in at recess."

So he hopped faster and faster until by and by he was going so fast that he couldn't stop and if he hadn't bumped into a haystack, I really think he'd have gone so far away that he never would have come back. And then the school bell began to ring:

Hurry up and come to school,
Study hard, obey each rule,
Strive to learn just all you can
So's to be a learned man.

And in the next story you shall hear whether the little rabbit was kept in at recess.

STORY XVII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE CROW SCHOOL.

YOU remember in the story before this Billy Bunny had bumped into a haystack, and it was mighty lucky he didn't knock it right over, for that would have made the big farmer dreadfully angry.

"Oh, dear!" said the little rabbit as he brushed the wisps of hay off his jacket and picked up his school books, "I don't see dear Uncle Bullfrog on his log, and there goes the school bell!"

And he hopped off to school without waiting to say good-by to the old gentleman frog, and it was just as well he did, for Uncle Bullfrog was out of sight, down in the soft, warm mud at the bottom of the Old Mill Pond, and there he would stay until the springtime came again with flowers and with gentle rain, and little buds upon the trees and swallows building 'neath the eaves.

Well, there goes my typewriter again making up poetry and not telling me in time so that I could make a pretty verse out of it.

Ding, dong, bell,
Come to read and spell.
Come, you bunny boys, to school.
Never break a single rule,
Learn to read and learn to write,
And learn to always be polite.

And just as the old bell stopped ringing Billy Bunny hopped into his seat and Prof. Crow began to call the roll. And after that lessons began and everybody settled down to work, when all of a sudden, just like that, there was a great knock on the door which almost shook the spectacles off Prof. Crow's nose.

"I wonder who's that?" he asked, and he looked over his spectacles toward the door. And then another loud knock came, oh, a great deal louder than before, and the school bell began to ring, and all the little forest and meadow folk crept into a corner.

"Who's there?" asked the old gentleman crow, and he put his spectacles in the case and then he put the case in his waistcoat pocket. And after that the door flew open and in jumped Daddy Fox. Oh, wasn't that dreadful?

"Get out of here," said the old professor as brave as could be, for he had been brought up from a boy never to show the white feather.

"Leave this schoolhouse or I will call the Policeman Dog!"

"You won't have time," laughed Daddy Fox, and he made a jump for the old gentleman crow. But when Daddy Fox landed on the platform, Prof. Crow wasn't there.

No, sireemam. He was out of the window and all the little people of the Friendly Forest and the Pleasant Meadow were out of the door and off for home, and before that wicked old fox could pick himself up there was nobody left in the little schoolhouse.

Daddy Fox, you'd better stay
In the schoolhouse all the day,
Sit upon the dunce's stool
Until you learn the Golden rule.

STORY XVIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE OLD MAID GRASSHOPPER.

Oh, the nuts that grow in the hickory tree
Are the nicest kind of nuts for me.
And if you like I will show you how
To shake them down from the tall high bough.

THIS is what Timmy Chipmunk sang to little Billy Bunny one morning, oh, so early, just as the rising sun was turning all the leaves to gold, or nearly every one.

Of course, the maple tree was red, just like a crimson cloak, and all the hilltops far away were soft like purple smoke.

But the little rabbit didn't stop to look at all these lovely things. He didn't have time, for his mother had sent him to the postoffice to mail a letter, and you know if you ever stop when you are sent on an errand it always happens that you forget to go.

So the little rabbit kept on his way and by and by he came to the postoffice, where he dropped the letter in the little crack underneath the postage stamp window.

"You are just in time," said the kind postmistress, who was a nice lady goose, for the other postmistress, who was an old maid grasshopper, had left for the south on account of the cold weather and wouldn't be back until summer.

And then the old stage coach drove up and the driver, who was an old dog with a pipe in his mouth, picked up the mailbag and threw it inside and then climbed up on the front seat and said "Gid-ap!" to his billy goat team.

"Oh, won't you please take me for a drive?" asked the little rabbit.

"Jump up beside me," said the kind-hearted old dog, and away they went, rattlety bang over the stones and the rough places, and I guess some of the stamps nearly came off the letters in the canvas mail bag.

"Pretty rough going, eh?" said the old dog, and he took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes out of the bowl, and then he put it in his pocket, for he didn't want to smoke any more just then.

"I don't mind it," said the little rabbit. "It's not as easy as Uncle Lucky's automobile, you know, but I like it!"

"I like it better," said the old dog. "I don't care for them pesky new automobiles," and he

touched one of the billy goats with the end of his long whip, but very gently, you know, for he was fond of his billy goat team, and so would I be if I had one. I'd rather have a billy goat team than an automobile any day in the week and twice on Sundays.

And just then, all of a sudden, a big horse fly stung one of the billy goats on his left ear, and that made him so angry that he stood up on his hind legs and tried to butt.

"Whoa there!" said the old dog; "careful now!" but the bad horse fly kept on stinging that poor goat's ear until, all of a sudden, that billy goat gave a jump and turned the stage coach over. Wasn't that dreadful?

Well, I guess you would have thought so if you had been that mail bag inside, for it didn't have time to jump out as did the old dog and the little rabbit. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.



AWAY THEY WENT OVER THE STONES AND ROUGH PLACES.
Billy Bunny and Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot

STORY XIX.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE BIG BAD SNAKE.

LET me see. The old stage coach in which Billy Bunny was taking a drive was overturned just as I finished last night's story, but it's all right to-night. Yes, siree. It's back on its four wheels again.

And the billy goat team is prancing along, for this morning Robbie Redbreast flew into my bedroom window just as I was tickling the alarm clock to see why it didn't go off and wake me up, and told me that he saw it, the stage coach, you know, rolling along on its four wheels just as good as ever, and that the old dog driver had told him that Billy Bunny had gotten out at Carrot and Lettuce streets, where his Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot lived.

And after he told me this the little robin flew away. And now I'll tell you some more about the little rabbit.

Well, as soon as he hopped out of the old stage coach he looked around to see if Uncle Lucky was in the front yard, but he wasn't. Neither

was the old gentleman rabbit in the hammock on the front porch.

So Billy Bunny hoped around to the garage to find him. But the dear, old gentleman rabbit wasn't there, either.

"Now where do you suppose Uncle Lucky is?" and the little rabbit looked inside the tool closet and behind the wheelbarrow and under the gasoline barrel. And just then, all of a sudden, a big black snake glided into the garage.

And then Billy Bunny was glad he couldn't find his Uncle Lucky, for if he couldn't find him that dreadful black snake couldn't either.

"Oh, please don't hurt me," said the little rabbit, for he couldn't get out of the garage, you know, for the snake was standing right in the middle of the doorway.

"Oh, no, I won't hurt you. I'll just give you a nice big squeeze," said the crawly bad snake, and he glided toward the little rabbit.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I'm a goner now," and Billy Bunny hopped first to one side and then the other, but that dreadful snake crawled after him. And pretty soon he got closer and closer, and then he opened his mouth and gave a hiss.

And just as that dreadful snake was going to coil himself all around that poor little bunny, what do you suppose happened? You'd never

guess, so I'll tell you right away. The big, kind Policeman Dog ran in and with his club hit that snake a tre-men-dous whack, and after that the snake said he thought he'd go home. And he did, and then the Policeman Dog began to sing:

Rub-a-dub, dub, just look at my club,
And my uniform of blue.
Whenever I pass with my buttons of brass
They give me a cheer or two.
I'm a good watchdog, a Policeman Dog,
Locking out after you.

STORY XX.

BILLY BUNNY AND TURKEY PURKEY.

MR. HAPPY SUN was smiling down from the sky and the old Weathercock on the Big Red Barn was turning this way and that way as Willie Wind laughingly blew across the Pleasant Meadow.

Down in the Barnyard Cocky Docky was singing his early morning cock-a-doodle-doo, and Henny Jenny had just laid a lovely white egg for the good-natured farmer's breakfast.

Turkey Purky strutted around, fat as fat could be, without a thought that Thanksgiving was coming soon. He never seemed to hear the farmer's wife say that he was getting as fat as butter.

Wasn't that stupid of him? He just ate and ate until his waistcoat was so tight that he said to himself he would soon have to go down to the Three and one cent store to get a larger one!

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, Cinderella's found her shoe!" sang Cocky Docky, and then he went into the henhouse to look at the white egg which Henny Jenny had just laid.

"Good morning," said little Billy Bunny, who all this time was looking through the Old Snake Fence.

"Tip-top," answered the Weathercock.

"Heigh-ho, how the winds blow.

Now from the east, and now from the west;
But the lovely, soft South Wind I love the best."

"Don't you like the North Wind?" asked the little rabbit.

"No, indeed. He brings the snow and sleet. He makes me shiver with the cold and rusts my wings of burnished gold."

"How soon will he be here?" asked the little rabbit, for he was thinking it was time for him to get a new fur overcoat.

"Oh, pretty soon," said the Weathercock, all of a sudden turning around to the North. "Here he comes now," and Billy Bunny felt a cold breath of air blow across his face.

And after that he hopped away to the Friendly Forest, where the trees were crimson and yellow and the brown nuts strewed the ground. And there, under the big, spreading chestnut tree, was Timmy Chipmunk, and under the great hickory tree stood Squirrel Nutcracker, chattering away at each other.

"Don't you come over to my tree," said the gray squirrel.

"Don't you come over to my tree," said the little striped chipmunk and they both began picking up nuts as fast as they could. Mr. Timmy Chipmunk stuffed his cheeks so full that his face looked as if he had the mumps two times and a half.

"Oh, my! How cross you both are!" said the little rabbit, and he opened his knapsack and took out a lemon lollypop. "If you'll promise to be friends, I'll give you both a taste."

And then you should have seen that little squirrel and that little chipmunk shake hands, and after that the lemon lollypop was eaten by all three in less time than I can tell it to you.

STORY XXI.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

The grapes are hanging on the vine
In purple bunches big and fine,
And yellow pumpkins on the ground
Are lying everywhere around.

Upon the forest floor of brown
The big ripe nuts come tumbling down,
And in the orchard as you pass
Ripe apples strew the tangled grass.

YES, autumn was here and sweet scented summer was gone from the Pleasant Meadow. And all the little folk were busy getting their winter homes in readiness for the long cold months.

Mrs. Bunny was putting up crabapple jelly and preserved peaches and Mr. Bunny was storing carrots and cabbages away in the cellar of his little house in the Old Brier Patch.

But isn't it strange it always happens that when you are busy somebody calls and then you have to stop and talk? Well, just as Mrs. Bunny

took off the stove a steaming dish of peaches and set it out on the window sill to cool, Old Mother Magpie flew up.

"Busy, I see," she said, lifting up the little cover to take a sip of the peach juice with her long black bill.

"You must put in more sugar, my dear Mrs. Bunny," said the meddlesome old magpie, and then she undid her bonnet and sat down in the rocking chair.

"Oh, dear me," thought Mrs. Bunny to herself. "Now, I suppose she will stay for the rest of the afternoon," and poor Mrs. Bunny sighed, for she wanted to finish her preserving, you see. And, anyway, she didn't like Old Mother Mischief, and neither did anybody else.

And then who should come in but Prof. Crow to tell Mrs. Bunny that her little rabbit had missed a word in spelling that morning, and of course Mrs. Bunny didn't want Old Mother Mischief to hear that, for she knew the meddlesome old magpie would tell everybody in the Friendly Forest.

And if dear, kind Uncle Lucky hadn't driven up just then in his Luckymobile I don't know what would have happened. But, of course, just as soon as he came into the room Old Mother Mischief said she had to be going. You see, she

was afraid of Uncle Lucky, for although he was a kind, generous old gentleman rabbit, he had a will of his own and didn't like meddlesome people.

"Now let me say before you go,"
Exclaimed the wise Professor Crow,
"A magpie is a chatty bird
And often tells more than she's heard.
In fact she talks so loud and long
You can't tell if she's right or wrong."

This made Old Mother Magpie so angry that she put on her bonnet and flew out of the window without even saying good-by or leaving her calling card on the little round table by the window.

STORY XXII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE LOLLYPOPS.

The leaves are dropping from the trees
And sailing down the chilly breeze.
The frost at morning gems the grass
Or traces pictures on the glass.

The old pump has a fringe of ice,
And all the little meadow mice
Have overcoats of fur, I think,
Just like the otter and the mink.

AND, oh, dear me, didn't Billy Bunny hate to get up in the morning! He would hear the rising bell and then turn over for just one more little nap, and so one morning he got late to school. Yes, sir, he certainly did, and it wasn't his dear, kind mother's fault, either, for she had his breakfast all ready for him in plenty of time.

"If you get late again, young rabbit," said Professor Crow very sternly—and he certainly looked very solemn in his black swallow-tail coat and big black cravat—"I'll keep you in at

recess and take away your lollypop." Wasn't that a dreadful thing to hear? Well, I just guess it was, for Billy Bunny loved lollypops, and so do you and so do I, and so does everybody we know—even the baby across the way, only its mother won't let it eat any because milk is better for it.

"Do you hear me?" asked the Professor very sternly, for the little rabbit had hung his head; he was so ashamed, you see.

"Yes, sir," answered Billy Bunny, and he made up his mind then and there that he would go down that very afternoon to the Three and one cent store and buy an alarm clock.

So after school, away he went toward the village, and by and by he came to the store, and the saleslady, who was a little white cat, showed him some lovely ones.

"This one plays a tune," she said, and after she had wound it up and set it for 14 o'clock, or maybe 13, it sang a lovely song:

"Awake, for the morning glories
Are wet with the sparkling dew.
Awake, for Happy Sun's shining
A merry welcome to you.
Don't linger a moment longer,

Jump out of your warm little bed,
Wash your hands and your face and then
tidy

The hair on your trowsled-up head."

"Oh, give me that one!" cried the little rabbit. "I like that song. I don't believe I'll ever be late to school again." And I want to say right here that if I ever go to Rabbitville, I'm going into that Three and one cent store and buy one of those alarm clocks for myself, for I think it would be fine to be waked up every morning with a song.

And after that Billy Bunny set off for the Old Brier Patch, and when he showed the clock to his mother she gave him a great big hug and told him she would have stewed lollypops and carrot cakes for breakfast, because he had spent his money on something useful instead of ice cream cones and soda water.

STORY XXIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND PETER POSSUM.

HEIGH-HO," said Billy Bunny, as he hopped along the Babbling Brook, where the autumn leaves were floating down the sparkling waters like little ships, "I'd like to be a sailor, so I would," and then he wiggled his little pink nose maybe a million times more or less.

And the reason he did was because he smelt something. Yes, sir! Billy Bunny's little pink nose was as good as eyes, and maybe better. For there in the middle of the Babbling Brook was Peter Possum. And what do you suppose he was doing? You'd never guess, so I'll tell you.

He was riding on a round flat something, and that round flat something was Tommy Turtle, but Peter Possum didn't know it. Oh, dear, no. He thought it was a little ship that was taking him for a sail.

"Get off my back! Get off my back!" cried Tommy Turtle, for he was getting tired, you see, of carrying Peter Possum, for Peter Possum hadn't bought a ticket, I'm sure of that, and

who wants to play ferryboat unless one gets paid for it.

"I'll get off if you'll take me to shore," said the little possum, and as soon as his Turtle Boat came close to the bank he jumped off. And after that he turned to Billy Bunny and said:

"I didn't know it was Tommy Turtle. You see, I wanted to get across the Babbling Brook, so I stepped on his back, thinking it was a round stone, and when it started off down the water, I just stayed on. I couldn't do anything else."

"Well, next time look before you jump," said Tommy Turtle. "I'm not giving people a ride for nothing," and then he swam away with his little houseboat on his back, for Tommy Turtle carries his house with him wherever he goes.

Rain or shine, he takes it with him, and he never has to pay rent, either; isn't that wonderful? Well, I guess you'd think so if you were father when the landlord came around!

"Sailing, sailing, down the Babbling Brook,
Next time, Peter Possum, take a careful look.
Don't be jumping anywhere,
Ex-er-cise a little care.
Older people make mistakes
Sailing on the great big lakes!"

And then Billy Bunny laughed, for it was he who had just sung this little song, and then Peter Possum said, "Thank you, Mr. Wise William Bunny, I'll be more careful next time!" And he ran off to the Friendly Forest to tell his Aunt that he had been sailing on a great big river!

And if the Babbling Brook doesn't turn around and run backward so that the Old Mill Wheel turns the other way and grinds the corn into lollypop flour, I'll tell you another story to-morrow.

STORY XXIV.

BILLY BUNNY AND UNCLE LUCKY'S SOLDIERS.

NOW, before I go any farther, I'm going to tell you that this story is going to be all about dear, kind Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot, the old gentleman rabbit uncle.

Yes, sir, and yes, ma'm, and yes, everybody! I think we ought to have a little story all about dear, kind Uncle Lucky, for I'm very fond of him and his old wedding stovepipe hat and his blue silk polka-dot handkerchief, and if he'd only take me out for a ride in his Luckymobile, I'd be still fonder of him.

Maybe he will, and if he does I'll tell you the first chance I get.

Now, this morning, just as my alarm clock woke me up, and Mr. Happy Sun poked his yellow fingers through my curtains, I heard a little pecking on the window pane, and when I opened the window, there stood Robbie Redbreast—

“Get up, get up! You've had your rest;
Put on your necktie and your vest,

And wash your face and part your hair,
And breathe the lovely morning air.
For he who stays too late in bed
Will have a very muddled head.
Get out while yet the morning's young
And see the grass with dew bells hung!"

So I jumped out of bed and dressed so quickly that my alarm clock was still ringing when I went down to breakfast. And after that was over I looked out of the window, and just then Uncle Lucky drove by in his Luckymobile with a big American flag in front and a big banner in the back, which said:

"Rally 'round the flag, Bunnies,
Rally once again.
Rally in the sunshine
And rally in the rain.
Hear the bugles blowing.
Hear the drum beats call.
Rally 'round Old Glory;
Rally one and all."

And then you should have seen all the bunnies in Rabbitville run out of their houses and follow Uncle Lucky, and, of course, he made his auto-

mobile go very slowly, so that they could keep up with him.

And after a while they came to the Rabbitville armory, and Uncle Lucky formed a regiment and made himself captain, and on each little bunny he pinned a button, and after that he gave them all rifles and cartridge belts and a big flag and a drum, and, oh, dear me! a great big cannon that could shoot a ball almost as big as a baloon, and then they all marched out to the camp, where Uncle Lucky drilled them to be good soldier bunnies and fight for Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia and George Washington's statue.

And sometime I'll tell you how they won a wonderful victory, but not until the censor gives me permission.

STORY XXV.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE BIG RED BARN.

NOW, this story is going to be all about Daddy Fox. For it has been a long time since we have heard anything about this naughty old robber, who steals chickens and geese and even little rabbits when they are not looking.

"Look here, Mr. Fox," said Mrs. Fox one evening when the Twinkle Twinkle Star was shining and the big white moon was sailing through the sky, "we haven't got a thing to eat in the house. We've all got great big appetites, but what's the use of an appetite when you have nothing to eat?"

And the only way Daddy Fox could answer a question like that was to say he'd go out at once and see what he could find.

So off he trotted, keeping in the dark shadows so as not to be seen, for Daddy Fox didn't work for anything he got. Oh, my no! He stole it, that's what this old robber fox did.

Well, by and by he came to the Old Farm Yard where Henny Jenny and Cocky Docky

lived. But as soon as the Weathercock on the top of the Big Red Barn saw him, he began to swing back and forth, making such a creaking noise that Mrs. Cow looked out of her window in the old shed.

And when she saw Daddy Fox she gave a great "Mool!" and when a cow moos at night you might just as well get out of bed, for the little dream fairies fly away and leave you, and then of course you can't go to sleep again.

"S-s-sch!" said the old fox, "do you want to wake up the farmer?"

"I don't want to see you around here," said Mrs. Cow, and she took off her boudoir cap (and if you don't know what kind of a cap that is you must ask your old maid auntie). "I'll ring the bell on my collar and wake everybody up for breakfast if you don't run away."

"Now be sociable," said Daddy Fox, and he took off his old fur cap and bowed so politely to Mrs. Cow that she almost changed her mind. "I only came to find out how you were."

"Well, I'm very well," she answered, "but I don't receive callers at night!" And then she gave a dreadful loud "mool!" which woke up "Sic-em!" the old watchdog. And then all of a sudden, quicker than that, he bounded out of his little house and went for Daddy Fox.

But of course he couldn't catch Daddy Fox. Nobody could catch him, for he was such a good runner and such a wise old fellow, and after a while "Sic-em" came back and went to sleep in his little house, and Daddy Fox went home and told Mrs. Fox that he almost lost his life at the Barn Yard.

And in the next story you shall hear about another friend of Billy Bunny, Squirrel Nutcracker Junior, the gray squirrel who lived in the big hickory tree close to the Old Brier Patch.

STORY XXVI.

BILLY BUNNY AND SQUIRREL NUTCRACKER JUNIOR.

Oh, I've a home in the hickory tree,
And it's just the kind of a home for me!
For it's close to the nuts, so big and brown,
And from my room I can see the town
Of Nuttville spread o'er the forest floor,
Where the nuts are spread by the thousand
score.

Oh, I'll never move, for I'd rather be
Always at home in the Hickory Tree.

THIS is the song that Squirrel Nutcracker Junior sang one morning, oh, so early, when the frost was on the ground, and the hickory nuts and chestnuts were lying all around.

And then little Billy Bunny peeped out of the Old Brier Patch and laughed, for it was one of those lovely cool mornings in autumn when every one feels like a king; that is, a king of the fairies, or something like that, for kings nowadays are

having a dreadful time to keep their kingdoms since this awful war.

And after that Squirrel Nutcrack Junior ran down his tree house and picked up a nut and carried it back to his storeroom, for he knew that winter was coming, and there would be nothing but snow on the ground, and he didn't propose to go hungry all those cold, weary months, no sireemam.

"How many nuts have you stored away?" asked the little rabbit, wiggling sideways his left ear maybe three dozen and a million times.

"I don't know, for I haven't had time to count," said Squirrel Nutcracker Junior. And he threw a nut at Billy Bunny, which if that nimble little rabbit hadn't jumped to one side would have hit him on the tip of the right ear, let me tell you.

And just then, all of a sudden, the Miller's Dog came bounding up, and away went Squirrel Nutcracker Junior into his hollow tree and the little rabbit into the Old Brier Patch, so there was nobody for the Miller's Dog to talk to.

So he put his nose to the ground and then he gave a bark, for he smelled the footprints of Daddy Fox. And after that the Miller's Dog followed the trail of the old robber fox until

he came to the wooded hill on the other side of the Pleasant Meadow.

Now, right under a pile of stones among the trees was the home of the old robber fox and his wife and two children, whose names were Bushy Tail and Slyboots. And when they saw the Miller's Dog coming they began to laugh, for they knew they were safe in their stony castle on the little wooded hill.

"You can't get us," said Slyboots, and he threw a stone at the Miller's Dog, who was digging the ground because he thought, you know, he could find a way into the fox's den.

And when that stone hit him the Miller's Dog ran away, for he wasn't going to stand out there and have stones thrown at him, and neither would you, and neither would I, and neither would the policeman on our street corner.

STORY XXVII.

BILLY BUNNY AND OLD LADY BUNNY.

THE Big Brown Bear sat outside of his cave one morning just as little Billy Bunny hopped up the Friendly Forest trail. And when he saw the little rabbit he said: "Do you want some honey? For if you have money I'll sell you some honey."

"I've got a million carrot cents in my knapsack," replied the little rabbit.

"Well, they won't do," said the Big Brown Bear, and he grinned like a clown at the circus, and maybe worse.

"I only take Lincoln pennies, I do," and then he winked and rubbed his nose with his right paw.

"I've got a lemon lollypop," said Billy Bunny. "Will you give some honey for lollypop money?" And this made the bear laugh so hard that he rolled over on his side and got his fur overcoat all dirty.

"Run along, Master Bill Bunny. Your Uncle Lucky passed this way not very long ago. He wasn't going very fast, nor yet so very slow.

So maybe if you'll hurry you'll catch up just in time. How do you like a Bruin who talks to you in rhyme?"

"I'll tell you the next time I see you," said the little rabbit, and he hurried off to find his dear rabbit uncle, and by and by he saw the Lucky-mobile under a tree.

And when the old gentleman rabbit saw his little nephew he was so glad that he dropped the big bag which he was filling with chestnuts on his left hind toe.

"What are you going to do with all those chestnuts?" asked the little rabbit, and he picked up the bag for his old uncle and held it open so he could drop in the chestnuts which he had in his paw.

"I'm going to give them to an old lady bunny who keeps a little stand on the corner of Lettuce and Carrot streets," said the kind old gentleman rabbit. "She is too old to get them herself," and then Uncle Lucky put the bag in the automobile and told his little nephew to get in. And after that they drove off toward Rabbitville, and when they came to the old lady bunny's stand Uncle Lucky gave her the chestnuts. And wasn't she pleased? Well, I just guess she was, for there were as many as ten little rabbits on their way home from school waiting to buy them.

“Be kind to all old people,
And help them on their way,
For they’re too old to run about
And much too stiff to play.
When Old Man Rheumatism comes
And makes their legs like wood,
Just lend to them a friendly hand
And help them as you should,”

said the kind old gentleman rabbit as he drove
away to his little home on Lettuce street.

STORY XXVIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND DOCTOR QUACK.

YOU remember in the last story that Uncle Lucky gave a big bag full of chestnuts to the old lady bunny who kept a little stand on the corner of Lettuce and Carrot streets, don't you? And that afterward he drove off home with Billy Bunny?

Well, when the Luckymobile stopped at the front gate, who do you suppose was sitting on the front porch of the old gentleman rabbit's house? I'll give you three guesses, and maybe one more, and then if you don't tell me, I'll tell you.

Why, it was Dr. Quack, the famous duck doctor.

"Why, I'm not sick," said Uncle Lucky, "neither is the Luckymobile, and my small nephew isn't, either."

"I know that," said Dr. Quack, "but somebody else is."

"Who?" asked Uncle Lucky, as he tied the Luckymobile to the hitching post, which was one of those old-fashioned iron posts with a

horse's head on the top and a ring in his mouth.

"Turkey Purky," answered the wise duck doctor.

"I should think he would be," said Billy Bunny. "He does nothing but stuff himself."

"Well, if he doesn't stop," replied Dr. Quack, "he'll die before Thanksgiving, and if he does maybe he'll die anyway," and the old duck doctor opened his little black medicine bag and took out a small book.

"His temperature is very high, almost a million degrees, and you know a million and a half is fatal," and the wise duck doctor shook his head and put the little black book back into his bag.

"I've never lost a patient from overeating before, but it looks bad for Mr. Turkey Purky, very bad indeed."

"Oh, well," said kind Uncle Lucky, "don't worry. Sit down in the hammock and have a smoke. Let the farmer worry."

So Dr. Quack took out a big cigar from the box Uncle Lucky brought out, and after a while he got up and said he must go, for he had to call on a little pigeon who had the whooping cough so badly that every time she sneezed she lost a feather.

"Well, well, well," said the old gentleman

rabbit as Dr. Duck waddled off down the road, "I wouldn't be a doctor for all the world," and then he got out his checker board and had a game with his small nephew until supper was ready. And after supper he made the victrola sing this pretty song:

"In the gloaming I'll go roaming,"
Sang the wise old owl.
"Little mice and little rabbits
Who won't break their naughty habits,
Or a young and tender fowl,
I will catch and eat for dinner,
Or I'll grow a whole lot thinner."

And in the next story you shall hear what Old Barney the Owl sang when he heard the victrola play this funny song.

STORY XXIX.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE FAIRY.

Oh, a wise old fowl
Is Barney the Owl,
Although you might never guess it;
Although he may blink,
And although he may wink,
He's wise, yes, he's wise, now confess it.

For he hunts in the night
When there's hardly a light
And no one can see what he's doing;
He's soft on the wing
As a zephyr in spring—
Except when he's "Too-wit, too-woo-ing!"

NOW this is the song that I promised to tell you about in the last story—the song that Old Barney the Owl sang, you know.

And I hope you like it, for he was very proud of it. Oh, my, yes, for he had made it up all himself, which shows that he was a wise bird, for every one, you know, can't write poetry.

Well, after that Uncle Lucky said to his little

bunny nephew, "I think it's time for bed, don't you?" But of course the little rabbit didn't think so. Did you ever know a little boy or girl who thought it was time for bed? I'm sure I didn't, so why should a little bunny think so?

However, the old gentleman rabbit looked at his gold watch and chain, and, goodness me! it was half-past fourteen o'clock.

"You can't wait up another minute," said kind Uncle Lucky, quite sternly, but not very, you know. So Billy Bunny went upstairs to his little room and got into bed, over which the big round moon through the window made a silver circle like a bright dishpan, and after a while he went to sleep.

And then he had a dream—for little bunny boys dream, you know. Oh, yes, they dream of carrot candies and lettuce cakes and pumpkin pies and lollypops, just the same as you and I did when we were little, and just the same as you little readers do who read this story.

He dreamed that a little fairy flew in through the crack in the window—for it was up just a little, you see, not very far, because it was pretty frosty outside and the little rabbit didn't want to get a stiff neck and maybe something worse—and that she perched herself on the foot of

the bed and said, "Little rabbit, do you believe in fairies?"

"Of course I do," whispered Billy Bunny.

"Very well, I'll tell you a secret," said the little fairy. "There's a big box of something out in the garage."

Then without another word she flew away, and in the morning, bright and early, Billy Bunny went out to the garage and what do you think he found? Maybe you've guessed already. Well anyway, I'll tell you.

A big box of lollypops, and when he told his Uncle Lucky, that kind old gentleman rabbit laughed and said that the little fairy knew as much as he did, and maybe more, for all he knew.

STORY XXX.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE ANGRY OLD SNAKE.

Old Mr. North Wind,
At the North Pole,
Is shaking up the snowflakes
In a big white bowl.
Soon he'll scatter over
All the shivering land
Hurrying, scurrying snowflakes
In a cloudy band.

THIS is the song Jack Frost sang one morning at the window of little Billy Bunny's room. And, would you believe it, he had painted on the pane a lovely picture of frosty ferns and trees and rivers.

And then the little rabbit's alarm clock went off like a fire bell. Oh, my, what a noise it made! And after that the little bunny jumped out of bed and dressed as fast as he could, and when the breakfast bell rang he was all ready. He'd even parted his hair down the middle of his back and curled his whiskers.

"Now, Billy Bunny," said his kind Uncle

Lucky, "we will go out for a ride," for they had finished breakfast, you see. So the old gentleman rabbit got a big bear robe out of the hall closet and a pair of warm gloves, and then he and his little nephew went out to the garage and hitched up the Luckymobile. After they had honked the horn, they set off. And after a while, not so very long, they came to a big pile of stones right in the middle of the road.

"Whoever put that there?" said the old gentleman rabbit, and he stopped the Luckymobile just in time. And then a great big snake crawled out from under that pile of stones and said: "I put those stones here. What are you going to do about it?"

And then what do you think Billy Bunny did? He took a long rope out of his knapsack and threw the loop, which was on one end of it, right over that angry old snake's head. And then the little rabbit gave the rope a jerk, and after that the snake couldn't get his head out of the noose, for it was as tight around his neck as the bark on a tree.

"Now, we'll tell you what we're going to do," said the old gentleman rabbit, and he got out and threw all the stones to one side, and a few on the other, and after that he got back into the Luckymobile.

And while he was doing all this Billy Bunny tied the rope to the back of the Luckymobile, and when the old gentleman rabbit started it up Mr. Snake came along just as nicely as you please, and maybe a little nicer.

"Oh, please let me go," begged the snake, for it was dreadfully hard work keeping up with the Luckymobile, let me tell you, and I don't believe he would have if that rope hadn't been around his neck.

"Will you promise never again to put stones in the road?" said Billy Bunny, and when the snake said yes, the little rabbit let him go.

And that snake went so fast that he left one of his rattlers behind him, but he never came back for it.

STORY XXXI.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE FRIENDLY FOREST.

Oh! the mince pie's in the pantry,
'And the nuts and raisins, too,
'And pretty soon Thanksgiving
Will be coming 'round to you;
'And Mr. Turkey Gobbler
Will gobble then no more;
I guess he'll wish he never came
Inside the kitchen door.

AND if Cocky Docky hadn't sung this little song to Turkey Purky, I'm afraid we'd never hear another story about this turkey friend of Billy Bunny.

For as soon as he heard it he went over to the Friendly Forest and hid himself, and the big farmer couldn't find him, so the farmer had to go without turkey on Thanksgiving. Wasn't that too bad for the farmer? But think how nice it was for Turkey Purky.

But oh! dear me, wasn't he lonesome in the big forest! Well, I guess he was, for he didn't

know how to crack the nuts, you see, and by and by he got dreadfully hungry.

So he asked Squirrel Nutcrack to open a nut for him, and the kind little squirrel did; and after he had opened maybe a million or two nuts, and Turkey Purky had eaten them, this wise turkey felt much better, although he was still very lonesome. And, do you know, it's the worst thing in the whole world to be lonesome for somebody.

For there's always somebody that's better than everybody else, and all the rest put together, and Turkey Purky missed Henny Jenny, the little white hen, you know, who laid an egg every day in her little nest of soft round hay.

So, after a while, Turkey Purkey went back to the Old Farm, for he knew it was long past Thanksgiving and he would be safe for another year.

But I guess there are lots of little boys and girls who would be dreadfully disappointed if all the turkeys ran away before Thanksgiving.

Well, after that the Weathercock on the old red barn told me that all the barnyard folk were so glad to see Turkey Purky again that they had a feast all by themselves. And what do you suppose they had?

'A bushel of corn,
'A peck of wheat,
A bag of oats
'And some clover sweet,
'And the farmer came
And gave them some meal
And a pan of milk
And an apple peel.

'And if you don't think that's a fine Thanksgiving dinner for barnyard folks just ask the Weathercock and he'll tell you. And in the next story, if Mr. Sharptooth Rat doesn't gnaw a hole in the big mince pie in my pantry, I'll tell you another story about Billy Bunny and his friends.

STORY XXXII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE FARMER HUNTER.

The Twinkle, Twinkle Star one night
Was shining in the sky so bright
That Billy Bunny in his bed
Threw off the pretty quilted spread,
And hopped out on the bedroom floor,
And then unlocked the big front door.

AND out on the Pleasant Meadow hopped the little rabbit. And then he looked this way and that way, and wiggled his little pink nose three dozen times and fourteen more, for he wanted to make sure that Daddy Fox was not around, nor Old Man Weasel, nor Robber Hawk.

And then he hopped away toward the Peach Orchard. And by and by he hopped through the fence and began to eat the tender bark of the young trees. But of course he didn't know this was wrong, nor that it would kill the trees so that there would be no lovely ripe peaches the next year.

So he nibbled away until, all of a sudden, just

like that, he heard a noise, and before you could say Jack Robinson, or James Stephenson, or anybody else, the big farmer shot off his gun, for he had been hiding behind a stump all the time, you know, but of course the little rabbit hadn't seen him.

And oh dear, oh dear! The bullet went right into the little rabbit's right hind foot and hurt him dreadfully.

"Now I've got you," said the farmer. But Billy Bunny didn't wait. No, siree, man, and a no, siree, boy. He hopped away on three legs as fast as he could, and as the big farmer only had two, of course he couldn't catch him.

And pretty soon Billy Bunny reached the Old Brier Patch. And wasn't his mother worried when she found out what had happened! Well, I just guess she was. She called up Dr. Quack, the wise duck doctor, you know, and told him to come over as fast as he could. And maybe he didn't.

And he brought his little black bag with him, and when he found out what was the matter, he took out a little instrument and pulled out the bullet. And after that he put on some lettuce salve and told Billy Bunny he must stay in bed for a while.

And this made the little rabbit feel lots worse

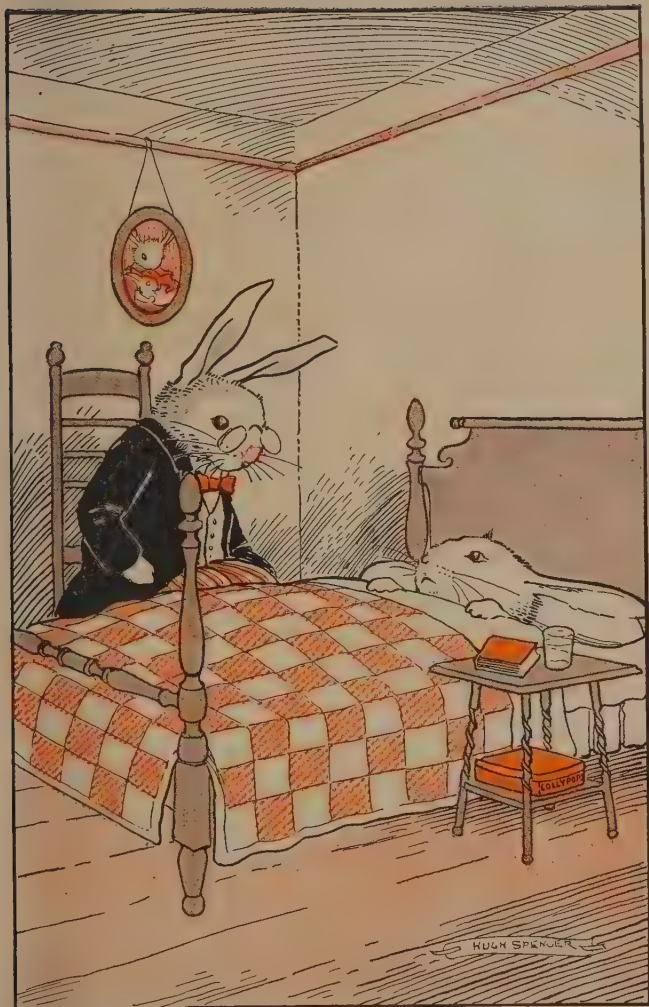
than his wounded leg did, for he hated to stay in bed, except in the morning, you know, when the rising bell was ringing!

"Please telephone for Uncle Lucky," said the little rabbit, for he was very fond of his old uncle, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot.

And pretty soon the old gentleman rabbit drove up in his Luckymobile with a big box of carrot candy and a book and a box of tin soldiers, and, please excuse me, for I can't remember what else, but I know there were two or three more packages.

And after that the little rabbit was almost glad that he had been shot in the leg, but if he had been shot in the head I guess he wouldn't have!

And in the next story you shall hear what Uncle Lucky told his little bunny nephew.



THE KIND OLD RABBIT SAT DOWN BY BILLY BUNNY'S BED.
Billy Bunny and Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot

STORY XXXIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE BUNNY PRINCE.

LET me see. In the story before this I promised to let you know what Uncle Lucky told his little bunny nephew, for I hope you remember how he was shot in the right hind leg by the big farmer.

Well, the kind old gentleman rabbit sat down by Billy Bunny's bed and began to tell him a story, and this is how it went:

"Once upon a time there was a little bunny who lived in a great big castle, for he was the son of a king, you know, king of all the bunnies.

"But this little rabbit prince never had any fun, for his father wouldn't let him play with anybody but bunny princes, and as there was only one bunny prince near by this little bunny I'm telling you about was often dreadfully lonely.

"So one day he slipped away from the castle and went deep into the woods. And after he had hopped along for maybe a mile and maybe a lot more he said:

“ ‘Oh, dear me, I wish there was somebody to play with!’

“ ‘I’ll play with you,’ said a tiny voice. But the little rabbit couldn’t see anybody.

“ ‘Who are you?’ he said, and he looked under a stone and behind a tree and up in the sky.

“ ‘Here I am,’ said the tiny voice again, and a little fairy jumped out from behind a fern and waved her silver wand.

“ ‘Oh my, but you are small,’ said the bunny prince. ‘If you were only a bunny I could play with you, but you’re a fairy!’ And then the little rabbit gave a big sigh and wiggled his pink nose sideways and backward and this way and that till the little fairy cried, ‘Oh, please stop. You make me dizzy.’

“And after that she waved her wand two or four times, and maybe once more, and all of a sudden a lot of bunnies came hopping toward them. And some were in little automobiles and some were on ponies, and some had lots and lots of lollypops and peanuts. And then they began to sing:

“ ‘Oh, we are fairy bunnies,
And we’ll love to play with you.
But one thing you must promise
To never, never do,

And that is you must never tell
You met us in this shady dell.'

" 'Oh, I'll promise, I'll promise,' said the little lonely bunny prince, and after that he played with them till the sun went down.

" 'Now you must go home to your castle,' said the little fairy. But of course the little bunny prince didn't want to. 'Oh, you must,' said the fairy, 'but some other day when you are very, very lonely you may come again!' So the little rabbit said good-by and hopped away.

"There," said good, kind Uncle Lucky, "how do you like my story?" But, would you believe it, Billy Bunny was fast asleep!

STORY XXXIV.

BILLY BUNNY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Carrot tea and lollypops
Make small bunnies take big hops.
But I really do not know
If boys and girls would find it so!

ONE morning, oh, so early, while the frost was still on the grass and Mr. Happy Sun was hardly out of bed under the misty hill in the east, Billy Bunny hopped down the Pleasant Meadow till he came to the Babbling Brook. Perhaps he wanted to see the little fresh-water crab, and perhaps he didn't.

I can't really tell, for the first person he spoke to was Tommy Turtle. Yes, sir. Tommy Turtle in his little walk-about house.

And do you know, I think it must be very nice to be able to take your house with you wherever you go, instead of having to move out yourself on the 1st of May!

"Good morning," said Billy Bunny, and Tommy Turtle pushed out his head from under his shelf roof, for at first he had pulled his head

inside, the way he always does when he hears a noise.

"Oh, it's you," said Tommy. "I thought it was somebody else." And then he winked at the little rabbit in a very solemn way.

"My, but it's getting cold," said the little rabbit, and he turned up his fur collar. "Willie Wind is as chilly as an ice cream cone." And this made Tommy Turtle wink again, for maybe he didn't like ice cream. But I guess he did, for in a minute he began to smile.

"I'm going down to the Old Mill Pond. You won't see me again till spring."

"What are you going to do?" asked the little rabbit.

"I'm going to crawl into the soft warm mud," said Tommy Turtle. "Old North Wind isn't going to freeze the end off my nose," and the wise little turtle started off for the Old Mill Pond, and when he got there, he flopped over the bank without another word.

"Dear me!" said Billy Bunny, "now he's gone. Old Uncle Bullfrog is in the mud at the bottom of the pond, and lots of the forest folk have flown south.

"There won't be many of my friends left before long." And the little rabbit felt quite lonely. So he hopped away toward the Friendly

Forest and by and by he came to the stream where Benny Beaver lived.

And there was that busy little beaver making his winter house of sticks and mud so that when the water froze he would be able to swim out through the cellar door underneath the ice.

"Something tells me it's going to freeze to-night," he said to the little rabbit, "and I'm going to be ready, yes, indeed."

And in the next story you shall hear about another little friend whom Billy Bunny met, and he, too, was getting ready for winter.

STORY XXXV.

BILLY BUNNY AND MR. CHATTERBOX.

YOU remember in the last story I promised to tell you of another little friend of Billy Bunny who was getting ready for the long, cold winter. Well it's going to be all about Chatterbox, the Red Squirrel.

He had found an old hollow log near the edge of the Friendly Forest and had filled it with nuts and corn and acorns.

And when it was filled right to the end he stuffed in some dry leaves and then sat on top of the log and looked about him. You see, he was making believe that he was just sitting there for fun.

Well, by and by along came Billy Bunny, hop-pity-hop, lippity-lip, clippity-clip, with his knapsack bouncing up and down on his back till the lollypops rattled and almost came off the sticks.

"Hello there, Chatterbox! What are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the little red squirrel; "just taking things easy, you know."

And then Billy Bunny began to laugh, for all of a sudden some nuts rolled out of the old log.

"I won't tell anybody where you have stored your winter food," said the little rabbit, for he was a very kind little rabbit, was Master William Bunny, of Brier Patch, Old Snake Fence Corner, and all the little people of the Friendly Forest loved him. And then he hopped away whistling this song:

"Gather the ripe nuts while you may,
Dear summer time is dying,
And soon the north wind will be here,
With snowflakes round us flying."

And then Chatterbox jumped off the log and stuffed the acorns back into the old hollow stump and covered them over with leaves, and after that he ran up the tree to his nest.

"Oh, dear me!" thought the little rabbit, as he hopped along, "I haven't done anything yet to help mother," so he turned around and hopped back to the Old Brier Patch.

"Can't I do something?" asked the little rabbit, as his mother hopped up the little path with a basket of carrots in her paws.

"Go down to the cabbage field and bring me

some cabbages," said his mother. "Your father is there, but I don't see why he hasn't come home by this time."

So off hopped Billy Bunny to the cabbage field, but he couldn't find his father anywhere. And, oh, dear me! he began to worry, and so would you if you couldn't find your father in a cabbage field.

Well, just as Billy Bunny was starting back he saw the tip of Daddy Fox's nose. And if he had waited to see anything more, there wouldn't have been anything left of Billy Bunny.

Well, sir, he hopped home so fast that he was safe in the Old Brier Patch just as Daddy Fox stumbled over the cabbage which the little rabbit dropped on the ground.

And in the next story you shall hear how Billy Bunny's father almost lost his fur overcoat.

STORY XXXVI.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE DREADFUL BULLET.

NOW let me see. In the story before this, if I remember right, little Billy Bunny went down to the cabbage field to find his father, but instead of finding him, he was almost caught by Daddy Fox.

Now listen to me, for as long as the little rabbit got home safely, I'm going to tell you why he couldn't find Mr. William Bunny.

And, anyway, don't you remember I promised in the story before this to tell you how Billy Bunny's father almost lost his fur overcoat?

And this is how it happened: That dreadful Miller's Boy happened to see the old gentleman rabbit eating a cabbage, so the Miller's Boy ran back into the mill to get his gun. And then he crept along the Old Snake Fence as softly as you please until he came as near as he dared.

And wasn't it unkind of Willie Wind not to have blown the other way so that Mr. William Bunny could have smelled the Miller's Boy? That is the way the wind tells the little forest folk, you know.

They bring the scent to the sharp noses of the little forest folk just like the postman brings you a letter.

Well, as soon as the Miller's Boy was near enough he lifted the gun to his shoulder and pointed it at Billy Bunny's father. Wasn't that dreadful? Well, I guess it was.

And just as that bad boy was about to pull the trigger, Blackie Crow flew by with a loud "Caw!" and the gun was so startled—oh, dear me! I mean the Miller's Boy was so startled, that he didn't shoot straight and the bullet went up into the air and maybe it hit a star, for all I know.

And, of course, when Mr. William Bunny heard that gun he didn't wait to hear anything more. No sirreemam, and no sirree, mister. He just hopped into the Friendly Forest as fast as he could.

And now I suppose you will ask me how he almost lost his fur overcoat. Well, if that dreadful bullet had hit him the Miller's Boy would have skinned him and sold his fur, and the Miller's wife would have made a nice rabbit stew, and that would have been the end of Billy Bunny's father.

Well, as soon as the old rabbit found himself in the Friendly Forest he hopped off for home,

and he was just thinking how lucky he was when, all of a sudden, quicker than a skyrocket, Daddy Fox jumped out from behind a tree.

"Now I've got you!" he cried. "I just missed catching Billy Bunny, but I'll get the old rabbit!" And that dreadful fox gave a great, long leap. Now, if he hadn't said, "Now I've got you!" he might have caught the old rabbit.

But as soon as Mr. William Bunny heard Daddy Fox's voice he took a skip sideways, and when the wicked fox landed on the ground, on the very spot where the old rabbit had been a second before, there was nobody there.

No sireebus. Mr. William Bunny was safe inside an old hollow stump, and Daddy Fox was fooled again.

"You'd better go home, Mr. Daddy Fox,
To your den on the hillside under the rocks,
And tell your children and tell your wife
That old William Bunny has a charmed life!"

And when the old fox heard the rabbit sing this he grew so angry that he picked up a stone and threw it at the hollow stump, but he didn't hurt the stump a bit.

And after that he ran home to his den and went to bed without any supper, he was so cross.

STORY XXXVII.

BILLY BUNNY AND MRS. GROUSE.

Jack Frost is hurrying here and there
Across the meadows brown and bare,
And on the window pane embossed
Are pictures drawn in lacey frost.
But just as soon as Happy Sun
His morning journey has begun,
The frosty laces disappear
Beneath his sunbeams bright and clear.

BILLY BUNNY was up with Mr. Happy Sun. Across the Pleasant Meadow over the frosty ground he hopped, clippity, lip-pity, until he reached the Old Mill Pond. But, oh, dear me! how different it looked!

The big weeping willow tree was leafless and over the pond was a thin sheet of ice. Kind Old Uncle Bullfrog wasn't there, neither were the darning needles and the bluebottle flies. It was very lonely, so the little rabbit thought.

Of course he knew where Tommy Turtle and Uncle Bullfrog had gone, but in case you have forgotten I'll tell you. They were fast asleep in

the soft mud at the bottom of the pond, and there they would stay until gentle spring came and the little balmy breezes woke up the violets and the buttercups.

"This is no place for me," thought the little bunny, and he hopped away to the Friendly Forest, where the brown leaves made a soft carpet and Willie Wind whistled strange tunes among the leafless branches.

And just then, all of a sudden, he saw Mrs. Grouse.

"What's the matter with your feet?" asked the little rabbit, for it looked just as if Mrs. Grouse had on stockings, you know. And if this seems strange to you it shouldn't, for as winter comes around a thin skin grows out between her toes so that she can walk on the snow without sinking in. Isn't that wonderful? Loving Mother Nature gives her a pair of snowshoes.

"Helloa, little rabbit," said the kind lady bird, "winter will soon be here."

"I know it," he answered, "and mother knows it, too. For she is putting up carrot jelly and lettuce marmalade and popcorn balls, and, let me think—well, everything she can."

And after that the little bunny wiggled his pink nose so fast that Mrs. Grouse put her left

wing in front of her eyes just like a fan, you know.

"You'll make me cross-eyed," she said, and then she flew away, and the little rabbit didn't even have time to say good-by. And after that he met Mr. Red Bird.

"What are you going to do all winter?" he asked. "When the snow is on the ground what will you eat?"

"Oh, I'll make out," said Mr. Red Bird. "There are dry berries on the bushes and crumbs at the Miller's doorstep, and I have a warm red flannel vest, so I don't care."

And then he flew away, and after that the little rabbit opened his knapsack and ate his lunch, and in the next story, if he doesn't lose the bill of fare, I'll tell you something nice.

STORY XXXVIII.

BILLY BUNNY AND THE GRAPHOPHONE CLOCK.

Wake up, wake up! It's time to dress!
It's fourteen hours past, I guess,
The breakfast time, so hurry up
And take your saucer and your cup
And eat your breakfast, or you'll be
Kept in at school till half-past three.

AND wasn't it strange to hear this song before you got out of bed? Well, I guess it was. But you remember Billy Bunny's alarm clock was a sort of a graphophone clock, and woke him up every morning with a song. But on this particular morning it didn't wake him in time. I guess it was trying to think of a new song.

Well, as soon as the little rabbit was dressed, he hurried downstairs and ate his stewed lolly-pops and carrot mush and then he put his school books in his knapsack and started off for the little Friendly Forest schoolhouse.

And while he was hopping along the bell began to ring. "Oh dear, and oh dear!" he cried,

"I'll be late, I know it!" And just then up drove dear kind Uncle Lucky in his Luckymobile.

"Jump in and I'll get you to school before the bell stops ringing," said the kind old gentleman rabbit, and he made that Luckymobile go so fast that the rear tires got all out of breath and couldn't catch the front ones. Wasn't that funny?

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot when they reached the schoolhouse, "you're just in time. Now I'll come back for you after school and we'll go for a ride." And the old gentleman rabbit honked the horn thirty-seven times and a half, and all the scholars looked out of the windows and shouted, "Hurray for Uncle Lucky!"

Well, after school was over Billy Bunny hopped into the Luckymobile and he and his nice old uncle went down the road toward Rabbitville, for the old gentleman rabbit wanted to put an advertisement in the Bunnyville "Gazette."

You see, he wanted a man to come and rake up the leaves on his front lawn, but all the men had gone to the war and the poor old gentleman rabbit couldn't rake leaves, for he had a bad

knee from playing football when he was at college.

"I'm afraid you won't get anybody," said the editor of the Bunnyville "Gazette," "unless you take an old red rooster who works for me once in a while. He is a pretty good scratcher and he can pile up the leaves, I'm sure."

So Uncle Lucky said he'd put a notice in the paper that he would pay 214 carrot cents a day to the old red rooster if he would clean up the yard in a day and a half.

And after that the two little rabbits got into the Luckymobile and drove away.

But here is the end of this book, and what happened after that will have to be told in the next book, which we call, "Billy Bunny and Timmy Chipmunk."

THE END

THE BIGGEST NUMBER IN THE WORLD

Do you know the biggest number in the world? It is a great figure 57, like a giant's printing, spread on the side of a tall mountain. It was put there to tell people about 57 kinds of food that taste good. These foods are made by the H. J. Heinz Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., and they are called the 57 Varieties. Some of them, like Heinz Oven-Baked Beans and Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, are just what hungry boys and girls need to grow big and healthy. Others, like Heinz Plum Pudding, are dandy desserts and others, like Heinz Tomato Ketchup, help make other foods taste good. All of them are very good to eat, and also very pure and wholesome. You can tell them when you see them, because every can or bottle bears the number 57 to remind folks that there are that many of them.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties



LITTLE JACK HORNER AND JANE

LITTLE Jack Horner sits in a corner
 What can the reason be?
 Indeed, it's quite plain, he is hiding from Jane,
 For a big dish of JELL-O has he.

Now, if Jane were you, I know what she'd do,
 She'd run to the kitchen, that's plain.
 There, pink, red or yellow, she'd surely find JELL-O
 And start it right down her red lane.

GET ONE FOR MOTHER

THERE are six pure fruit flavors of JELL-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. The new JELL-O Book, just out, is more beautiful and complete than any other issue. It will be sent free, but be sure your name and address are plainly written.

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